

# The Love-sick SHEPHEARD,

O R,

## The dying Lovers Reprieve.

The Shepheard for a Nymph doth pine away,  
Who with unkindness doth his Love repay,  
Till hearing of his plaint, she doth at last,  
Afford him Comfort for his sorrows past.

Tune of, *Long dayes of Absence, &c.*



**A**ll in a little Grove, where Shepheards play,  
And pining Lovers languish with delay,  
I heard a Swain thus on a Nymph complaining,  
Accusing her of hate and deep disdain.

O Cloris canst thou hear me sigh and mourn,  
And not one word of comfort yet return,  
Whilst I do suffer under thy displeasure,  
Pale Death may of my body make a seizure.

To what sad fate was poor Amyntas born,  
Thus by late Cloris to be held in scorn.  
Far better had I been a birth untimely  
Than thus trapp'd out of my life so finely.

When other Shepheards to their Loves embrace,  
When I lie pining in this woful case,  
No stony Rock can be more flinty hearted,  
Than thou hast been to me since last we parted.

Both day and night in sorrow I remain,  
And yet can find no ease of all my pain.  
Whilst in my mind I hear thy face and feature,  
I often sigh and say, hard hearted Creature.

Alighting dreams, and visions me pursue,  
When I suspect my Cloris is untrue,  
O that some other Shepheard may enjoy thee,  
The very thoughts thereof doth quite destroy me.

VV

It is  
To be

From  
Since  
I've  
Ther

For  
My C  
Met  
And

Then  
And  
One  
Unto

And  
Thou  
Altho  
I hope

Where  
No lo  
But  
And t

O St  
Thy C  
I find  
That

# The Love-sick SHEPHEARD,

O R,

## The dying Lovers Reprieve.

The Shepheard for a Nymph doth pine away,  
Who with unkindness doth his Love repay,  
Till hearing of his plaint, she doth at last,  
Afford him Comfort for his sorrows past.

Tune of, *Long dayes of Absence, &c.*



**A**ll in a little Grove, where Shepheards play,  
And pining Lovers languish with delay,  
I heard a Swain thus on a Nymph complaining,  
Accusing her of hate and deep disdain.

O Cloris canst thou hear me sigh and mourn,  
And not one word of comfort yet return,  
Whilst I do suffer under thy displeasure,  
Pale Death may of my body make a seizure.

To what sad fate was poor Amyntas born,  
Thus by late Cloris to be held in scorn.  
Far better had I been a birth untimely  
Than thus trapp'd out of my life so finely.

When other Shepheards to their Loves embrace,  
When I lie pining in this woful case,  
No stony Rock can be more flinty hearted,  
Than thou hast been to me since last we parted.

Both day and night in sorrow I remain,  
And yet can find no ease of all my pain.  
Whilst in my mind I hear thy face and feature,  
I often sigh and say, hard hearted Creature.

Afrighting dreams, and visions me pursue,  
When I suspect my Cloris is untrue,  
O that some other Shepheard may enjoy thee,  
The very thoughts thereof doth quite destroy me.

VV

It is  
To be

From  
Since  
I've  
Ther

For  
My C  
Met  
And

Then  
And  
One  
Unto

And  
Thou  
Altho  
I hope

Where  
No lo  
But  
And t

O St  
Thy C  
I find  
That



## The second Part to the same unne.



**W**hat have I done I tell me what's my crime,  
That I indure these torments at this time,  
It would a little ease me that am pained  
To know the reason why I am disdained.

From thee my love did never yet depart  
Since Cupid first did wound my tender heart,  
I'de rather dye a thousand deaths all o'er,  
Then to be counted an unconstant lover.

For hate I ere been wanting for to please  
My Cloris or for to procure her ease,  
Yet for my love you see how I am slighted,  
And for my kindness every way am spited.

Then Cloris Since for love of thee I dye,  
And with forsaken Lovers all must lye,  
One tear from thy prebelling eye for tender  
Unto my Soul some quietness may render.

And know when to Elizium I am gone,  
Thou never more wilt find so true a one  
Although with cruelty thou dost requite me  
I hope the God of Love at length will right me.

When Cloris heard her Dearest thus complain,  
No longer She his presence could refrain,  
But with all speed She hasted to her Lover,  
And thus most kindly did her self discove.

O Stay Amintas do not haste so fast,  
Thy Cloris comes to comfort thee at last:  
I find it is my absence hath procured  
That pain and torment which thou hast indured.

For which I could my self so much chastise,  
That Lovers may hereafter be more wise,  
And learn to know a Lover true and constant,  
From fickle ones who waver every instant.

Each time that I have heard thy wofull moan,  
My heart tormented was for thee alone,  
Yet for to try thy love I was contented  
To suffer thee, although I now repent it.

I must confesse I thought my self to blame  
When thou (with tears) so oft didst Cloris name,  
Thy love and constancy so much did move me,  
That I could do no less than truly love thee.

Then dear Amintas pardon what is past  
And I will make amends for all at last,  
Thou canst desire noe more but my submission  
Then p'st thee Love accept of this condition

These words did move Amintas so rebtbe  
That to forget all Sorrows he did stribe,  
Into his pale wan face it put fresh colour,  
And made him not remember his past dolour.

Then they with joy did mutually embrace,  
And glad they were to view each others face,  
Resolving never more their hearts to sever,  
But live in love and unity for ever.

Thus have you heard Amintas sore to grieve  
And how at length from death he had reprieve,  
Let Lovers all that are within this nation,  
Mark well the same, and give their approbation.